And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd ſacietie,
But rather famiſh them amid their plentie,
Making them red,and pale,with freſh varietie:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twentie:
A ſommers day will ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this ſhe ſeazeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith, and liuelyhood,
And trembling in her paſſion,calles it balme,
Earths ſoueraigne ſalue,to do a goddeſſe good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to plucke him from his horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie courſers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Who bluſht,and powted in a dull diſdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
She red and hot,as coles of glowing fire,
He red for ſhame,but froſtie in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens,(ô how quicke is loue!)
The ſteed is ſtalled vp, and euen now,
To tie the rider ſhe begins to proue:
Backward ſhe puſht him,as ſhe would be thruſt,
And gouernd him in ſtrength,though not in luſt.

So

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek;now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
And kiſſing ſpeaks,with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall neuer open.

He burnes with baſhfull ſhame,ſhe with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie ſighes,and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe ſhe ſeekes.
He ſaith, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſſe,
What followes more,ſhe murthers with a kiſſe

Euen as an emptie Eagle ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with her beake on feather, fleſh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till either gorge be ſtuft,or prey be gone:
Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow,his cheeke,his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forſt to content, but neuer to obay,
Panting he lyes, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the ſteame,as on a pray,
And calls it heauenly moiſture, aire of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.